death. If the Mother's face is hidden, how the soul is not
only enveloped in gloom but sunk in despair ! The whole
world presents a dreary desert. Th^ Mother's face disclosed,
how the soul feels the radiance of a new dawn and the joy of a
new blessing !
In Him, the Divine Mother, the child finds his all—his
btrength, his hope, his courage, his aspiring ideal and his'
ever-protecting stay and shelter. The child that has the
mother has the whole world with him. The child that is on
the lap of the mother is secure beyond the reach of the world's
strifes and enmities. The child that can look up to the
divine countenance of the mother is not touched by the
storms and eclipses of life. She is all-in-all to her child.
From her bosom fed, in her arms nestled, on her lap seated,
by her smile encouraged, in her love enshrined, what need
hath he? She is all-sufficing unto the child. Blessed be
the day when the Divine Mother gathers Her children and
the children seek the Mother. The wearied child, the frightened
child, the buoyant child, the apparently rebellious child,
the truly loving child, all leap into the arms of the common
Mother—one silently to repose on the

bosom of Love, another
timidly to cling to the arms of Support,
another boisterously
to r-cjoice on th6 lap of Bliss, another
tremulously to lie
prostrate before the feet of Forgiveness,
another innocently
to look up and smile at the blessed
countenance of Beauty.
Angels in heaven rejoice. All creation sends
forth a chorus
of praise and joy at this happy union of the
Mother and the
child.
, The Supreme Being is the Mother of all
Love and Holiness.
H-e confounds us by His greatness and
overpowers us by His
Love. He dazzleb us by His Holiness which
myriads of suns
cannot equal. What can we ofter Him in
return for His
inexhaustible love, ceaseless protection, all
moments of our
yfe like a guardian- Angel? What have we
which can
{isossibly te called our OWB to refider unto
Him ?- The child